

The Legend of the Silver Eevee

by Iya

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Summary: Is this silver Eevee just a genetic mistake, or something much more?

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THE LEGEND OF THE SILVER EEVEE PREVIEW

(hey everyone! I'm writing a serious fic! Not an itiotic one! But don't worry, there will be plenty of those too! =)

The Jolteon sniffed the ground attentivly. She had to find some food, for herself and her eevlings. Their father, a Vaporeon, had been captured by a human and could no longer assist her in hunting. She had to leave her young behind and search. She got by a while with being fed by trainers, but when they tried to

capture her afterwards, she decided it wasn't such a good idea. She just caught sent of a Rattata and was determined to find it. She poked along the ground with her nose until she reached a nest in the ground. She looked around, then poked her head inside. Loud squaks came with a sharp sting of fangs on her face.

"Jolt!" She cried in pain, jerking her head out. But this also enraged her, even with her usual docile attitude. She angrily charged up and shot a bolt of electricity through the hole. Another squak. She poked her head in again. . .this time more cautiously. Nothing happened. She nosed in a bit futher. . .still nothing. Pulling herself out, she began to dig out the hole until she finally got her Rattata. It was small, only enough for either her, or her eevlings. She knew she had to put them first, so she picked up the Rattata in her jaw and carried it home.

"-I'm so hungry!-" An Eevee moaned.

"-Me too! When's mom gonna get back?-" Griped another.

"-She'll get back when she get's back! Now be quiet so I can sleep!-" Yelled yet another.

"-Gee you don't have to get pushy about it.-" Said the first.

"-Look! I think I see her!-" Cried a different one.

All the small pokemon ran up to the entrance of the den and peeked over the side, their little front legs holding them up the side of the ledge, their bushy tails wagging violently. When their mother hopped down into the interior of the small, pokemon-made cave, all the Eevee gorged on the fallen Rattata.

"-Mother, I thought you said you would bring us fruit this time.-" Groaned the third Eevee.

"-I know but you're all lucky to get what you have now. . . I'm going to have to go without dinner this evening.-" The Jolteon replied.

"-But why? Why can't you catch food like daddy did?-" Asked the second.

"-Because I never had to hunt for more than myself before.-" She replied simply.

"-And why do I have silver fur when everyone else is brown!-" Shouted the forth suddenly. Everyone went quiet.

"-I. . . I don't know. . . -" His mother said thoughtfully.

All of a sudden there were footsteps heard outside, and a shadow cast in the den. The Jolteon, panicking, rushed her children deeper into the cave, then she closed the end off with dirt. Then a loud voice broke her panic.

"Charmeleon! It's a pokemon den! Flamethrower inside of it!" Yelled a trainer. The Jolteon braced herself for the attack. . .

After hours of work, a small brown nose poked out of a wall of dirt, then another, and another, and then a silver nose poked out. The noses grew to faces, then to paws, and then they were totally out of the wall. Everything was charred, and the Eevees' mother couldn't be found anywhere.

"-Mom!-" Yelled the silver Eevee.

"-Where are you!-" Yelled the first Eevee.

"-She's gone- " Said the third.

"-How do you know!-" Yelled the second angrily.

"-Because this is just what happened to father! Exactly! I hate humans!-" The third retorted.

"-How do you know! You never even met one! -"

"-Will you two shut up! This is no time to argue! We have to do something! -" Interupted the first.

"-Yeah? Like what! -" Screamed the third, still flaming.

"-Like find masters. -" Said the silver one suddenly. Everyone turned to look at him.

"-He's right, we can't survive by ourselves. -" Agreed the second.

"-No way! -" Shouted the third.

"-And humans have taken our parents, they might as well take us too. -" Seconded the first.

"-I can't believe you three! Humans take our parents, and you want to join them?! -" Cried the third, backing

away, "-Well I'm not! I'm staying here! -" She conclueded.

"-Fine, if you want to stay out here and die that's fine with me! -" Shouted the first, and trotted out of the blackened den. The second Eevee looked at the third, then at the exit, and back at the third, then, slowly at first, she too, trotted out. The silver Eevee followed strait after.

After holding a stiff face for a few seconds, the young Eevee broke down in tears. Her mother is gone, her father is gone, and now her sister and brothers were gone. A silver head popped into the hole. The third looked up, still sobbing.

"-Uh, I thought you might want some company. -" He said. A smile spread across the third Eevee's face, and the two Eevees' ran to each other, with a small 'wee' they cried into each others fur, promising never to leave one another.

Never, ever.

End
file.